

Today's text suggested by Rev. Hugh Jack, Presbyterian Church, Red Deer.

Tomorrow's text selected by Rev. H. T. Egedahl, Lutheran Church, Provost.

Edmonton Bulletin

EDMONTON'S OWN NEWSPAPER

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IF IT WILL HELP ALBERTA THE EDMONTON BULLETIN IS FOR IT

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19

THIS IS SO SUDDED

Mr. J. F. Lymburn says he is in favor of a new-party government and that has been the Minister should know what his political objectives have been, but nobody ever could him or his associates working on any campaign while there was possibility of the U.F.A. party carrying on in its own strength.

The Labor ally, which helped the U.F.A. Government into office, has been kicked out of the cabinet at the first favorable opportunity, and the ministry became a party ministry in the strictest and narrowest sense of the term. More political maneuvering has been in any other province at any time, the party caucus has replaced the legislature as the real law-making body of the province.

The Attorney-General will have to pardon the obedient public therefore if they suspect his real for coalition is a newly-erected sentiment, which only began to show life when a party defeat loomed into view. At Edmonton, as at Ottawa, coalition is the last vain hope of a doomed administration.

SELLING DIRECT

If anybody is worrying over the supposed "realities" of Ontario's credit, which was evidently intended to be brought about by the real financial interest, Premier Hepburn does not seem to be the man. And the taxpayer doesn't appear to be showing any wild alarm either.

Mr. Hepburn is opening up provincial savings offices all over the province, and he won't let that. And he is selling the bonds over the counter to anybody who comes along with \$100 or more and wants to buy. The bond brokers will share the profits of the sale.

Moreover, the bonds are going like hot cakes. Three per cent may not be attractive to a man with millions to invest, but it is to a poor man who has saved up a few hundred dollars on which the banks will not pay him that much. He is buying the bonds. And some of the "free fellows" are buying the bonds on credit for \$2,000,000 worth. Some at least of the "barons" must be discovering that they can't get 5 per cent interest out of 3 per cent earnings.

What is happening is that the Government is selling its bonds to the buyers, instead of passing them through successive syndicates of commission-collectors. That is the quarter where the walling is going on.

THE POWER QUESTION

The city council decided Monday to proceed with the extension of the power plant at a cost of \$1,600,000, "when funds are available." Funds not being available at the moment, the more important weather clear enough to foresee when they will be, the project is one for the future rather than for immediate action.

Meanwhile, it is to be supposed, negotiations will be continued with the power company as to terms and conditions for an extension of the present arrangement. The negotiations will necessarily be conducted in the light of council's proposal to extend the city plant and thus be able to generate its own supply of current instead of buying it. Council has in this move a tactical advantage which should make possible a bargain fair to both parties.

To the layman it would seem there is room for an interchange agreement which would result in the city selling current to the company in quantity at one price and buying back the same at another. Winter conditions interfere at the Ghost River plant, and the more widely extended the company's lines extend, the more important it will be current available at such times from the city's steam plant.

Unless the intention is to break with the company completely, which apparently is not the case, to extend the city plant on this large scale would be rather a doubtful proposition without some outside market for the surplus current that could be produced. The two parties have therefore interests in the power question which are complementary, and any agreement between them should not be impossible.

THE ARMISTICE

The clauses of the temporary agreement between the Dominion and the United States, the armistice at Regina read like the terms of a truce between two hostile armies. There is no pretence by either party to dominate the other, and no evidence that it was a dictated armistice.

The tone is in striking contrast to the telegram which Ottawa sent to Premier Patullo.

The Passing Show

By J. S. COWPER

Some notes from the battle front in the

Edison riding where your correspondent is can-

ing and wondering at the queer quips of the

nature that least a man to get up the

comfort of a room in the Macdonald, an out-

lookout over the gardens and the winding Sas-

katchewan, a public library

and a modern cafeteria four floors by

elevator, to rise early in the

morning after a meeting the

night before, dash for trains,

snatch coffee and sinkers at a

match operation, wait hours on

station platform and be jostled

through the mud to another

meeting. And yet

there's fun in it apart from

the call of duty and the

knowledge that it is only through these ways

one can hope to shrink his influence upon the

status and administration of the day.

No man who shrinks the toil and discomforts

of campaigning has any right to complain about

the way he is governed.

I've been taking a lesson in how to make

cream pies from Chef Charlie Lynch in the

cookhouse at the Coal Valley mine—the best

chef on the Coal Branch, as the boys will tell

of his cookery degree. The maestro Lynch

used to be chef at the Harmony White Lunch

on Jasper avenue, Edmonton, before it closed

down some months ago. He initiated me into

the art of making short pastry out of bread

flour and crispies the way I have heard of

cream filling goes in. You punch a few holes

in the pastry under-erust before it goes into the

shrinker away from the heat and

After lunch today I'm to pay a visit to the

stripping pits which I hope to describe later on.

Coal Valley is a superbly heated electric

This morning I've been talking over old

times with two former Liverpoolians—Engineer

—about the time when I was in the

—nearly ended the career of Mr. F. E. Smith,

later my Lord of Birkenhead and Lord Chan-

cellor England, and I have heard him

campaigns over there. Only at the risk of

mayhem did any Conservative or Unionist dare

contend with the "Maverick" "Pig" Pay-

O'Connor in his Irish stronghold in the Strand

Division of Liverpool.

Mr. Dutton has invited me to his house to

talk about nothing but the

of Liverpool, immortalized by John Macfady-

who served as sailor on her, which as a boy I

come down the river, and which I have

Yard; of the Wray Castle on which both his

brother and mine served their apprenticeships

in trips round "Cap Sift." My brother Harry,

as a youngster of fifteen, was sent down her

at the Azores with four sailors, all blind with

scurvy. They were being fed the same salt

and butchery as the crew of the

—they had taken on board at the start of their

voyage, eighteen months before. How these old

sailors would open their eyes at the variety

and quality of grub in the boarding house

camp on the Pacific coast and in a mining camp

like this at Coal Valley.

Of course many of the men nurse grievances.

At Cadomin some of them complained to me of

refusal by the foreman management—a condi-

tion which I understand is now altered to

allow single men to board and lodge with relatives

and friends, at a cost much lower than

that charged in the past. I have heard of

quality of grub in the boarding house

camp on the Pacific coast and in a mining camp

like this at Coal Valley.

Many of these causes of friction would dis-

appear if highway connection were provided to

give access to the coal world.

Would you believe that tennis is all the rage

up the Coal Branch? The night I arrived at

Cadomin there arrived also an \$80 consignment

of tennis rackets. The tennis matches are

being arranged. Manager J. A. McLeod at

Cadomin and Manager A. N. Scott at Luscar are

both players of considerable standing.

Everywhere you go, whether up the Luscar

branch, up the Lovatt branch or up to Cadomin

and Mountain Park—the latter at over 6000 feet

elevation, the highest settled town in Canada—you

can get big game. Moose, elk and grizzly

are to be found. You don't have to go looking

for them, they come to you. I have seen a moose

photograph of a moose he had taken from his

back door. Mr. J. A. McLeod at Luscar whose

dwelling cottage is perched on a hillside, looks

across the valley, says he sees moose in

numbers grazing half a mile away or bring

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